

26,587,335 BOTTLES OF Warner's SAFE Cure

Sold, to December 27, 1886.

No Other Remedy in the World Can Produce Such a Record.

This wonderful success of "Warner's Safe Cure" is due wholly to the real merit of the Remedy. For a long time it has been regarded by the highest medical authorities as the only specific for kidney, liver and urinary diseases and female complaints.

Thousands of people owe their life and health to "Warner's Safe Cure" and we can produce 100,000 testimonials to that effect.

Read the following and note the large number of bottles distributed. We guarantee these figures to be correct, as our sale books will prove.

Boston, - 1,149,122. Pennsylvania, 1,821,218.

CAPT. W. D. ROBINSON (U. S. Marine Ins., Buffalo, N. Y.) in 1850 was suffering with a skin humor, like leprosy. He could not sleep; was in great agony. For two years tried everything, without benefit. Was pronounced incurable. Twenty bottles of Warner's Safe Cure completely cured him, and today I am strong and well. (Feb. 8, 1885.)

Providence, - 171,929.

EX-GOV. T. G. ALVORD (Syracuse, N. Y.) in 1881 began suffering with general debility, accompanied with a sense of weight in the lower part of the back, a feverish sensation and a general giving out of the whole organism. Was in serious condition, confined to his bed much of the time. After a thorough treatment with Warner's Safe Cure he says: "I am completely restored to health by its means."

Portland, Me., 441,105.

MAJOR S. B. ABBOTT (Springfield, Mo.) in 1871 was afflicted with LAMAR, RHEUMATISM AND KIDNEY TROUBLE. Consulted the very best physicians in Springfield, and visited all the mineral springs there. Took a health trip to the New England States, but for seven years suffered constantly from his malady, which had resulted in Bright's Disease. After using a couple of dozen bottles of Warner's Safe Cure and two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he writes: "My back and kidneys are perfectly cured, and thank God, I owe it all to Warner's Safe Cure."

Bal. of New Eng., 441,753.

MRS. J. T. RITCHIEY (302 4th Ave., Louisville, Ky.) was a confirmed invalid for eleven years, just living, and hourly expecting death. Was confined to bed ten months each year. Was attended by the best physicians. Her left side was paralyzed. Could neither eat, see, nor enjoy life. The doctors said she was troubled with female complaints, but she was satisfied her kidneys were affected. Under the operation of Warner's Safe Cure she passed a stone or calculus, and in November, 1885, reported: "Am today as well as when a girl."

N.Y. State, 3,870,773. Bal. N.W. States, 1,767,149.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ABOUT
Warner's SAFE Cure.
THE MOST POPULAR REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED.

Cleveland, 682,632. St. Louis, - 1,530,527.

EX-GOV. R. T. JACOB (Westport, Ky.) was prostrated with severe kidney trouble and lost 40 pounds of flesh. After a thorough treatment with Warner's Safe Cure he reports: "I have never enjoyed better health."

Cincinnati, 383,667.

GEN. H. D. WALKER (44 Madison Ave., New York) was afflicted with kidney blocks without exhaustion, and having lost flesh, began the use of Warner's Safe Cure and says: "I was much benefited by it."

Bal. Ohio State, 633,153.

COL. JOSEPH H. THORNTON (Cincinnati, O.) in 1885 reported that his daughter was very much prostrated; had palpitation of the heart, intense pain in the head, nervous disorder and catarrh of the bladder. She lost fifty-five pounds. Other remedies failing, they began the use of Warner's Safe Cure, *Safe Pills*, and *Safe Anodyne*, and within three months she had gained fifty pounds in weight. I was adopted to good health. That was three years ago, and she is still in as good health as ever in her life. Col. Thornton, himself, was cured of CHRONIC DIARRHOEA of fifteen years standing, in 1881, by Warner's Safe Cure.

Southern States, 3,534,017.

C. H. ALLEN (Lawrenceville, N. C.) son of Edwin, two years ago, was afflicted with extreme case of Bright's Disease, and the doctors gave him up. By the advice of the doctor's wife, began the use of Warner's Safe Cure, and after taking seven bottles he is perfectly well and has had no relapse.

Canada, - 1,467,824. Bal. Pac. Coast, 732,316.

Every Testimonial we publish is genuine. Write to the testators, enclosing stamp for reply, and learn for yourselves.

REPUBLICAN VALLEY STOCK FARM.

AVERY & COLEMAN, PROPRIETORS, WAKEFIELD, CLAY CO., KAN.

The oldest and most extensive breeding establishment west of the Mississippi. Head of Pure Blood High Grade Percheron Stallions and Mares on hand. Also few recorded Coachmen. Have the risk and expense of long railroad trips, shipping and getting your horses at home. We guarantee the reliability of our stock. With established reputation as breeders. Our imported stock all registered in the Percheron and Standard Bred of France and America. We guarantee all stock bred here to be purebred. Send for our catalogue No. 1, free.

AVERY & COLEMAN, Props., Wakefield, Clay Co., Kan.

VIRGINIA FARMERS' MILD CLIMATE. Cheap land for sale. 2000 to 5000 Acres. Write for particulars. A. O. HILDE, Contractor, Va.

BUY NORTHERN CROWN SEEDS

Why did the Women

of this country use over thirteen million cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

A REQUIEM

The day is gone, alas! the lovely day that came among us as a blinding bride, led by her brother, the earnest sun, whose golden largess fell on every side.

All nature greeted her with rapturous joy. The forest broke forth in sweetest song And dainty birds, awakening from their sleep, burst into blossom as she passed along.

And everywhere the children welcomed her. In country lanes and in city's street, The music of their laughter kept glad time To the sweet measure of her flying feet.

The restless sick man, tossing on his couch, Beheld her and awhile forgot his pain; Her presence cheered the laborer at his toil, And brought to wrinkled age his youth again.

And as she smiled, hurried on her way, Even sad mothers, weeping over their dead, Looked upward to her clear blue skies and felt Somehow that sorrowing hearts were comforted.

But now, alas! the day herself is dead. Before us, pallid in the dim twilight, She lies, forsaken by the gentle sun, And o'er her bed the dusky sexton, night.

Covering her slowly with his sable pall. While the pale, trembling stars look coolly on, And nature's tears are falling silently For the sweet day that is forever gone.

—E. F. Wilson, Chicago, Current.

THE PROTEST.

A bridal procession enters a fashionable church on the avenue. The bride is a fair, beautiful girl of eighteen.

The groom, a tall, dark man, several years older than the bride, might sit for a picture of Byron's *Corsair*. They have taken their position at the altar, and the ceremony commences amidst the hushed silence of the aristocratic throng, who have gathered to witness the rites.

The minister has arrived at that portion of the service which declares that if there be any reason why this man and this woman shall not be joined together in the holy bonds of wedlock, it shall now be proclaimed. As he pauses a moment, according to custom, after reading this sentence, the silence is broken by a sepulchral voice issuing from the body of the church, which cries: "Hold! I forbid the bans!"

The woman is already bound by a secret marriage to a living husband.

All is confusion in an instant. There is a murmur of amazement and suspicion throughout the church. The bride falls fainting upon the altar, and is carried to the vestry.

Noris Langley, the groom, hastens to the center of the church, from which spot the dissenting voice had seemed to emanate, but his search is fruitless, for no one has seen the person who uttered the protest. "Let whoever has dared to make this foul accusation against an innocent girl stand forth and have the lie crumpled down his false throat!"

But his challenge meets with no response.

The swoon of the bride continues so long that her friends are becoming alarmed when Langley appears; then the other retire and leave them alone.

"Athol, my own, my darling! Speak to me as you are, and not try to be beautiful. Be what you are, and I will love you as I love you."

The beautiful blue eyes, which had been sent to inquire if she is ready. The misery of the present moment has driven all other thoughts from her mind.

"Do you not know? Oh, my own love, say that he lied!" he entreats.

"No, no, my darling," she replies, "only I long to hear you refute it—say there is not even a shadow of truth in what he said!"

"No, Mr. Langley, I shall not gratify you," answers Athol Gifford, haughtily. "It is clear to me that you have plotted, or you would require no explanation."

"Oh, Athol! is it possible you refuse to make any?"

"Enough, sir!" she cries indignantly. Drawing a ring from her finger, she lays it on the table, turns away and bursts into a passion of weeping.

Noris is at her side, and with his arm around her, saying: "Think no more of it. Let us return to the altar at once and have the ceremony finished."

"Never!" exclaims Athol. Disengaging herself from his encircling arms, she sweeps from the room, and entering her carriage, is driven rapidly away without exchanging a word with any one.

It is a year later. The August sun, full and golden, pours its dazzling brilliance over the promenade which runs through the beach.

Noris Gifford is going on just the same as ever. He is a lady to a friend, who is sitting on the piazza of the hotel, enjoying the band and a little gossip at the same time. "Only look," she continues, as a handsome couple pass, close to view; near enough for them to see the look of passionate adoration which the gentleman gives his companion. "Well, I am not surprised. That girl is a thorough coquette!"

"By the way," remarks the second lady, "who was it that prevented her marriage with Mr. Langley? I was in Europe at the time, and only heard a rumor of the affair, which created quite a sensation. It was said that she was married already. Has it ever been ascertained whether it was true or false?"

"Never. One story floated was that Noris Langley hired the man to prevent the marriage, being anxious to break with her at the last moment; and for my part, I believe that version. I can well imagine that, going to the altar to a proud, reserved man, such as Mr. Langley, to find the woman he expected to make his wife so conspicuous, too. Just see how she is inveigling young Winston into proposing to her. Any one with half an eye can see that he is dead in love with her. I suppose she wishes to add him to her list of victims."

Meanwhile Miss Gifford and Mr. Winston, lost to view in the throng, have passed beyond the regular promenade and reached a secluded spot behind the cliffs.

"Ah!" says Athol, "how charming it is here. So short a distance from that babbling crowd, and yet so still, so lovely! Do you not agree with me, Mr. Winston?"

He is gazing eagerly into her face, which seems to him lovely as an angel's. In vain he tries to stem the torrent of words which rush, trembling, to his lips. "Miss Gifford—Athol," he begins, in a low intense tone.

"Let us go back," she says, hastily. "It is too silent here; we cannot hear the band."

"Oh, and that is the moment you thought it so beautiful," he says, reproachfully. "Stay but a moment, I entreat; you must know what I am going to say."

"I fear I do," replies Athol, "and I beg you not to say it, for it will be useless."

"Oh, Athol," is a voice of suppressed anguish, "is there no hope?"

"None," she returns sadly, "all the love I have to give has long been another's."

The silence they retrace their steps to the promenade. Early the next morning Mr. Winston returns to town.

Could the friends of Athol Gifford have seen the look of utter hopelessness which overspreads her face as she is alone in her room, and hear her murmur: "Noris, my love, my love, my own perversion, and the freak of some lunatic have parted us forever! O where are you now?" they would no longer be puzzled as to the cause of her refusing all offers for her hand.

She bears herself proudly before the world; and few would hardly imagine that the haughty, fashionable and beautiful Miss Gifford is often a prey to the deepest despair.

The next day as Athol is dressing for a drive, the door of her room was thrown open and a young lady, whom she has known but a short time enters.

"Oh, Miss Gifford," she exclaims, "I have just seen some of the arrivals; among them is the most elegant man I ever saw. He is as handsome as a prince, and all the girls are just wild over him; but the worst of it is they say he is going to marry a southern beauty, who is immensely wealthy. I am told she is here, but I have not seen her. She must be very fascinating or Noris Langley—"

At this name Athol becomes deadly pale, and with a low, suppressed cry, presses her hand upon her wildly throbbing heart.

"Are you ill? What is the matter?" inquires the friend, who, ignorant of the episode in Athol's life which linked her name with Noris Langley's, wonders at her sudden emotion.

Athol, with a violent effort, recovers herself, feeling extremely annoyed to think that should Miss Cleaver hear the story she would suspect the reason of her becoming so agitated at the mention of Noris Langley's name.

"It is nothing," she says, lightly, "but a slight pain, to which I am subject at times. What were you saying about Mr. Langley, Alice?"

"Oh, that he could not be attracted by her money, because I am told that he has plenty of his own."

"Even supposing such a prince among men could be attracted by so mean a motive, eh, Alice?"

Miss Cleaver laughs. "I will not intrude longer," she says, "for I see you are going out and I only wished to excite your curiosity. I expected you not to have been so overcome by the story, but you do not seem to be in the least curious; only wait until you see him!"

As the door closes after Athol buries her face in her hands, while sobs shake her frame.

"So soon, so soon," she thinks, "he never could have loved me or he would not have been so easily repulsed! Only one short year and he is going to marry another!"

At this moment there comes a knock at the door. Athol springs upon the bed and throws a handkerchief over her face to then calls "come in!" Her maid enters, and with a question, has been waiting some time, and has sent to inquire if she is ready. The misery of the present moment has driven all other thoughts from her mind.

"Tell him," she replies, "that I regret to say I shall be obliged to keep my room for some time, but I will be in again this afternoon, for I have a violent headache."

And the maid departs with her message.

For some time Athol remains in painful meditation. Suddenly, with an exclamation, she springs to her feet.

"Athol Gifford! I am ashamed of you! Weeping and weeping at a love-sick girl for a man who loves you not!"

This will never do," regarding the flushed tear-stained face in the mirror, "what if anyone were to expect that I love him hopelessly?" The thought was madness to her. "They shall not!" she adds passionately.

Noris is at her side, and with his arm around her, saying: "Think no more of it. Let us return to the altar at once and have the ceremony finished."

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ing of utter helplessness. "What a miserable failure I must have made of it," she thinks, "to have called forth such remarks. Have I little control over myself that the evidence of a broken heart is so plainly legible in my face? Breaking? I thought it was broken on that terrible day! Shall I ever forget it. Now it seems I have it all to live over again. I must leave this place, I cannot bear it! I cannot see him with her day after day and maintain an outward calm! Why, even Alfred Warde suspected something, for he would persist in talking of Noris's lovely affianced, as he called her, with his gaze fixed upon my face. I fear he has not forgiven my rejection of him, though I thought he had recovered that blow to his vanity long ago. Yes, yes, I must go! I will ask papa to take me away early in the morning; I will not see him again!"

She goes to her father, who consents at once, as he always does to any wish of his only and idolized child. Athol returns to her room. She kneels down by the window, which overlooks the long piazza, throwing her arms upon the window sill and burying her face in the shroud into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

"She is so lovely! and he loves her; I could almost hate her! O, Noris, say that you do not love her!" she exclaims, mournfully. Suddenly her hands are taken in a warm clasp and her name breathed softly in the voice she loves. "Athol, my love, my darling, say that you love me still!"

For a moment, with a thrill of unutterable joy, she allows her hands to rest in his, forgetting everything in the happiness of his presence, but at his last words, she snatches them and says: "How dare you, sir! you, the promised husband of another! Your words are an insult! Go this instant! She is moving from the window when these words arrest her: 'There is some mistake; stay, I implore you!'"

Athol involuntarily comes closer and leans out of the window. "Are you not engaged to marry your ward, Miss Silvester?"

"Certainly not; how came you to imagine so?" answers Noris, with a look of astonishment.

"It is so reported," she says.

"Then report is false. Miss Silvester has been betrothed since childhood to a young man whom she expects in a few weeks from Europe to claim her, and her whole heart is his. O, Athol, but a moment since I came out to battle with my misery. I was pacing to and fro, when hearing voices and footsteps approaching, and wishing to avoid everyone, I came around on this side of the piazza and paused beneath this window. Words are all too feeble to portray the joy which filled my heart to overflowing when I heard my own name, as I then thought, breathed in your loved voice, in a tone of sorrow and regret. But your manner leads me to believe I was mistaken; that there is some other Noris. Speak, Athol, there is agony in the thought!"

"I have always loved you," she murmurs softly, and their lips meet in the most passionate kiss.

"My own love, my darling, my wife!" And the past is forgotten in the joy of the present.

Athol has been a happy wife many years before she learns who prevented her marriage years before. It has often been a source of wonderment to her and Noris, and what could have been the motive.

At this time Alfred Warde is taken very ill, and thinks himself dying, sends for Noris Langley, and confesses that, feeling very bitter toward Athol and himself, and wishing something of a ventriloquist, he conceived the idea of going to church and preventing the marriage. With what success has already been told.—*Olin Ophir, in Arkansas Traveler*

The New Reporter.

I am often amused at the antics of the new reporter. It is surprising what an amount of self-importance his first reportorial position gives a young man and how soon he gets over it after a few weeks' hard work. His first act after getting his position is to purchase a number of lead pencils, always including a blue one, though he was never known to be guilty of using it on his own copy. Then he purchases a long note-book with pink lines; has some cards printed and carries forth, every pocket bristling with neatly sharpened pencils like quills upon the frothy porcupine. He never replenishes his stock of pencils after the first batch are lost or worn out; any sort of an old stub is good enough for him after he gets well at work. He rarely buys a second note-book, but prefers to borrow copy paper whenever he can lay his hands upon it.—*Journalist*

The Conductor was Convinced.

Down between Sumner and Franklin streets, an elderly woman, evidently from the rural regions, stood just beside the car track and vociferated her wish of riding on that car.

The conductor's thoughts were evidently in the clouds, and would only return from their aerial flight at the next street crossing, yet, nothing daunted, she grasped the rail of the rear platform and ran along by the side of the car, when the following sharp dialogue ensued.

"Where do you want to go to, my good woman?"

"Why, in here, of course, you fool. I ain't runnin' along here in the snow for fun. I ain't so young an' active as I wuz."

The argument was irresistible in its logic, and he stopped the car in sheer self-defense.—*Boston Record*

Mutually Unsatisfactory.

"Look here," said an Austin dude to a newspaper reporter, "you tell me a couple of good jokes. I want to get them off as original, you know, at a little social gathering to-night. I'll lend you five dollars if you do."

"I don't think it will work," replied the newspaper man, pensively.

"Why not?"

"I am so blamed poor that if I am found with five dollars on my person, I'll be suspected of having stolen them; and you are so blamed stupid that if you get off a good joke, everybody will suspect you right off."—*Texas Siftings*

No Change.

Peckham (meeting an old friend): Why, Dingy, is this you? I haven't seen you for ten years. How are you, anyhow?

Dingy: Oh, I'm just like I used to be. By the way, Peckham, how's your wife? You used to say you had the best girl when you were single.

Peckham (sadly): She's still boss.—*Life*

Puck: The Queen's cup—tea.

Puck: All-absorbing—a sponge.

Puck: Cold comfort—sleighting.

Puck: A smart Alice—Colonel McClure.

Puck: In the heart of the latest lady.

Puck: A shell-crack—oyster.

Puck: A stay of proceedings—A horse-car brake.

Washington Post: In prohibition states liquor seems to be a drug.

Harvard Lampoon: Did Noah get his honey from the archives?

Lowell Citizen: Heavy does not do half the mischief that lightness does.

Newman Independent: Mr. Oyster of a wood-sawyer—I come, I saw, I corded.

New Haven News: It's a wise child that knows when to lay down a poker hand.

New Haven News: Jumping at a conclusion—a dog trying to catch his own tail.

Life: While the fashion of high hats is in vogue is the time to elevate the stage.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette: Figures will not lie, but they are handy to lie with.

Burlington Free Press: Fresh resolutions, like fresh eggs, are getting very scarce.

Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph: The language the telephone speaks is broken English.

Washington Critic: Most of the base ball suits worn during the winter are cut out by lawyers.

Texas Siftings: She was a very pretty miss once, but marriage has tamed her and she is an expert.

Rochester Democrat: The little toe is the smallest on the foot, but it always has the largest corn.

Boston Courier: In old times parents brought children up, but now the children bring the parents down.

Boston Globe: All Europe is said to be armed to the teeth, which means that war is being waged by the tongue.

Lowell Citizen: A pew in Beecher's church sold for \$1,000. Did we hear somebody say that salvation was free?

Life: Truth lies at the bottom of a well, but if you want to get it, you must go to the bottom.

Philadelphia Times: Oh that a locomotive engineer should put an enemy in his wheel to steal away from other people's lives.

New Haven News: It will be noticed that women who wear their hats in the theater are afflicted with some scalp disease.

Of all things which may result in consequence of the above, beware the scheming frauds occur To shun the income tax.

The fellows who will make display When the occasion passes; Like Samson, many thousands slay With jawbone of the ass.

Mr. Jacob Froehlich, a well known tailor of Cincinnati, O., after suffering for years with rheumatism, was cured in a short time by the use of Dr. J. C. Ryder's "Golden Medical Discovery."

The ladies—bless 'em—it beats all! When they are young and squallers, Their hearts are set upon the doll— When grown, upon the dollars.

Great men by their lives leave foot prints In the sands of time, we know; But their marks are slight compared To foot prints in Chicago's snow.

—*Merchant Traveler*

Boston Herald: Sarah Bernhardt has reached Panama. She must feel at home in that hot country.

New Haven News: What is my opinion of misfortune? It is a man without an umbrella on a rainy day.

Philadelphia Herald: Although very fashionable as articles of dress, the bustle is really a back number.

Mrs. C. Kellogg, Edgewood, Cal., says: Red Star Cough Cure is the best medicine she has ever used for colds for the children.

Merchant Traveler: High road—a tall Kentuckian.

SOUTHWARD.